

sun bodies





# sunbodies.

Editorial about sun and bodies lovely writing really lovely

Sunbodies is a zine about the ways we live in and play with our bodies in the summertime you know rolling down grassy hills and lying in flower beds and dancing naked under the sun that sort of thing.

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effy and jobi xxx

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Ersatz Sister





## Extract of 'Better Energy 4 U'

there is wind in my coffee  
and all things

I wear the lord's morning  
like a necklace,

a white balloon in the sky  
moving, a strange fish.

the blue of day  
is nearly pharmaceutical.

---

I am sitting on the balcony  
being busy, my feet are warm  
I am holding the feeling of waking up close to my chest

the clotheslines billow  
the coffee stays hot in the sun  
somewhere in the world you are moving from one place to another

I come so close to this moment that it hurts  
we are lucky: death, today, is small



i hope you feel great  
in whatever you want to wear  
this summer.



# Byen om natten er god til to

(The city at night is good for two)

Jeg kan bedst lide byen om natten  
Byen om natten er kun for mig  
Når alle andre sover, går jeg ud  
Jeg har listeskoene på  
så jeg ikke vækker byen  
som sover og snorker  
undtagen festerne med deres danse­musik  
jeg går rundt og danser for mig selv  
og tænker at byen er min  
fordi byen om natten føles privat  
gadelygterne viser mig vej  
og roen kysser mig blidt  
sommernattens mørke er blødt  
der går par hånd i hånd  
fordi byen om natten  
behøver ikke være ensom  
når jeg går rundt alene  
så tænker jeg  
at byen om natten er god til to  
jeg kan godt lide byen om natten  
med alt dens fred og ro



Losing your balance is bloody terrifying. Depending on something else for your balance amplifies this terror in the back of your head, thinly coated in irrational reassurance because it's no longer your responsibility. You swing your calves slowly, your back loose, swelling into your bottom. The heat keeps you malleable. Heat robs you of rigidity. It keeps you soft, fusing your tailbone to the spine beneath you. Your thighs wrap around the barrel and gather more hairs, each one rooting itself into your shorts, into your skin. Sliding forward the slightest bit jolts your shoulders back. It sends a ripple of stiffness through you. Any stumble in the sandy arena or the tiny dart of an animal in the field is a correctional static shock knotting your hands into the long dry mane at their fingertips. You are an alien, smooth legs becoming furrier, saltier with sweat that isn't theirs. As you walk on the air becomes heavier. The humid fog of dust and sunscreen sticks in your teeth and eyes, grating at your hot pupils. Tears run clean little paths down your cheeks - dust instantly turns them to clay. You feel warm trickles of sweat collect at the nape of your neck, gallons more trapped in your hair. It collects and tries desperately to climb into the thick air around it. Most drips like treacle down your back until your thin top is firmly stuck to you. The old rubber band wrapped around your scorching braid is slowly melting its way into a sticky mess. Both sets of lungs grow heavier, four nostrils flaring. They are damp around the edges and drip a mottled mess in the mountains of sand you leave behind. Heavy head in your hands straining at the rope nose band, you heave forward. A lap around the fence. An agonizing figure of eight. Infinite bends and flexes. You wade deeper and deeper as exhaustion grows, magnified a hundred times by the sun beating down from the barren sky. It is a fixed point above you as you chug slowly beneath it. It glowers, refusing to dip and set. The corner where the sand is at its deepest rolls around. It mounts as you sink into it, covering hooves, burying forelegs. Knees climb higher. Your vision swims. Your breathing slows and heaves the scratchy wet air in and out, eyelids drooping. An eternity later you've made it through. Relief and exhaustion ambush you – a stumble. The back-leg falters. Your heart mirrors it. You skip a beat and fall. The flanks that were for so long the engine pushing you forward buckle and fold.

The head rears up. The neck becomes an awesome vertical lurching towards your face. The tail that had moments before swatted freely at the suffocating heat is now trapped and pressed further into the sand inches beneath you. For a moment you rest like this, frozen and stiff, sitting comically, drained of any fight. Then a sudden burst of feverish air thunders in the arena. You rock, falling in mortifying slow motion. You roll backwards. As the larger tailbone beneath you vanishes. You become aware of the toasted sandwich you are about to fill. The ground engulfs you and sinking into it feels like a thousand tiny wasp stings each grain of sand blazing. The enormous back that had carried you high and forward sinks down, crushing and static. Your lungs are pushed empty, their last little gasps catching sand, gulping strings of mane as the horse rolls backward. The unbearable pressure on your chest and ribs push your softened bones to the point of shattering. You can't breathe. You feel each cell in your body crushed into a soft explosion. Unable to kick itself upright, the enormous boiling weight above you shifts and fights to let you breathe. But each of its upside-down muscles weigh an infinity as they jostle. Each heaving kick squeezes you harder into the ground. The tears you had fought to keep back are pushed out of you, cementing more hot dirt to your face. Your brain swell and boils in your skull. After agonizing seconds pinned impossibly under the huge ribcage, you feel the pressure shift to your right as the horse rolls onto its heaving side. Panicked hooves scrabble in the loose sand. You half gasp as your right side is freed, the left bearing the full weight of the huge animal as the walls of the little lung meet and stick airlessly. Finally, hooves once again grip sand. You watch what had been your other half bend onto its knees and slowly, painfully stand. Worried nostrils flare by your ear, curious. But you don't get up. Your back baking into the sand beneath it, you begin to crumble. Your fingers dissolve onto the little piping rocks. Your arms push down to find the cool dense earth meters below the desert surface. Soon they disappear, powdered in a soft whump. Your hair whips away, carried far on a sudden breeze. Every little piece of you lies alongside the winding road and the vast green fields, all quietly steaming under the roasting sun as the horse snuffs at the sand it's rider once lay in.

# SUN★BURNS

Go outside, make friends, find a hill!  
Lie upwards, lie downwards, lie sideways if you want

Mind the sun it's hot! 17/6!

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,  
and Saturday

You are advised to stay in the shade on Sundays

Sunburn can hurt and you will not be able to lie down  
You will have to sit up for the rest of the summer

If you get sunburn act fast and hydrate!  
Love yourself this summertime

Should you develop serious sunburn at work you  
may be entitled to compensation please call us



## yawns, translated/ how to talk to beams

WARMTH,  
stay and own a while  
i coalesce around your palpability  
cocoon inverted  
i offer my softness to preserve you

here are my contents  
i'm sorry my skin is in the way

---

your linearity makes my neck burn.  
if i hide, you intensify  
under cotton you are not so different from darkness. you give me two options:  
subsume or be subsumed  
okay  
and i move into the shady spot.

---

don't be mad  
i just need a break  
from the one we just had when  
i know you were seeing others  
licking at their pigments  
my room smells of you  
like the city  
like train i'm going to miss  
if i keep thinking about how i wake up to a mass-produced love affair  
and giggle at the thought.

---

you smile in relief  
a cloud becomes a filter  
you reach out in dapples and i rest them all over me.











# Güneşimden Kaç!

(Run away from the sun!)

Herkes takdir eder ki hayata süt beyazı gelmiş biri olarak şu yaşa gelene kadar hiçbir zaman güneşle ortak paydada buluşmamam normal. Yine de yılmadım,yıkılmadım,ayaktayım! Canla başla her mevsim her bir ultraviyolesinden keyif almaya çalışıyorum.

Bazen abartmıyor muyum? Elbette! ‘Omuzlarımda tatlı bir pembelik olsun.’ olsun derken soluğu en yakın eczaneden yanık kremi alırken kendimi bulduğum,’ay belki biraz rahatlarım.’ diye soğuk suyla saatlerce duş aldığım ya da söylemesi ayıp tuvalette,çok sıkışmış olmayla yanık bacaklarımdan şortcağızımı tenime değdirmeden uygun pozisyona alma arasında duyduğum ızdıraplarım çok olmuştur.Ayyyyy ne rezil anlardır o anlar!

Yine de dostlarım,kış güneşinin o tatlı dokunuşunda yeşil çayımı içmek,karın o muhteşem pırıltısını izlemek(Norveç bunun için biçilmiş kaftan) ,yaz güneşinde burnumu dolduran denizin o tuzlu kokusuyla gerilim romanlarımdan birini okumak(Agatha Christie belki),biraz cesaretimi toplayıp,şöyle bir saat kadar güneşin tenimin rengini değiştirmesine izin vermek (tamam belki o 1 bazen 2 ve hatta 3 olabiliyor ama...Hadi amaaaaa,benim de hafif bronz tene sahip olma hakkım var!),sıcaklık biraz arttığında buzzzzzzz gibi soğuk bir su ya da olmadı sağlığıma zararlı ne tür asitli içecek varsa yanımda,onu bir yudumda bitirmek,plajdaki renk cümbüşünü izlemek ya da sadece gözlerimi kapatıp balkonumun en güzel köşesinde kısıcık bir şekerleme yapmak.....mmm...nefis!

Kim takar su toplayan omuzları,gece acıdan uyuyamayayı,oluşacak kırışıklıkları ya sürekli artan vücut benlerini olmadı lekeleri,cilt kanserini ya da nalet ultraviyole ışınlarını? C’mon guys! Hayyam’ın da dediği gibi:

‘Rakı içenler öldü de,  
Su içen ölmedi mi?’

Adam çözmüş meseleyi.Bu kadar pimpirikli olmanın kimseye faydası yok. Zaaaateennn yok olup gideceğiz bir gün.Güneşi sevin kardeşim.Bırakın tenimiz,kemiklerimiz azıcık ısınsın.  
Benim içinse gölge etmeyin başka ihsan istemem.

Süper ‘SUNBODY’leriniz olsun!





## five lollies

You can buy five lollies for a quid  
So that means two of us get two and one gets one  
We had to eat both really fast cos they were melting

I fell asleep in the park  
I got bitten all over my back and didn't notice  
until erin told me and now it itches

We only meant to come home for toast at three but we're still here and it's six  
I'd have to put my top on if we went back to the park  
The garden should be ok though  
It's too hot for tops today

Erin burnt her back and now she has to put lots of aftersun on it

the other day rob wanted a view so we went on a hill in a park  
There was a trampoline, I don't know who put it there  
I didn't go on it but it was good to know I could have

I bought a fan  
It's too loud to sleep with it on full blast but it's ok on the lowest setting

I haven't danced in the sun yet because it's too hot  
I danced in the kitchen where it's cooler

# Rockel Park



# Peaches

I can still hear you in there, even if you've molted once or twice and left behind little piles of cuticle and milk teeth.

I can still hear you clattering around in your own diction, you're still bangin' on your words with your little tight fists.

You're still on the school bus, cheek against the glass, as the big kids try out words like retarded and lesbian.

Your muscles stretch and tear as you reach for the closest fruit. It's summertime now and you let the peaches drip down your chin to your brand new cleavage.

During the day you learn about geology and patience as you rub the pit on the sidewalk again and again.

It yields to the grit of tiny dead invertebrates and whatever else a sidewalk is made of, and it slowly becomes a ring.

You chip away at this project and pick at your fingernails.

There's a boy now, you two eat cherries from a bowl and spit the pits into the grass. You kiss on the trampoline until the mosquitos find you.

You realize the squeakiness of the back door when you sneak out to see him, leaving at what you hope is the trough in your parents' sleep cycle.

You kiss your boy in the lilac bushes and feel his swampy, late July want of you.

Now the sparrows, those morning chumps, are starting up like they know what's good for you, like the joggers at 5 am when you're heading home dragging a broken flip flop. Like a full night of sleep, like fish oil pills or flax seeds, like a bubble bath or a twice-annual trip to the dentist.

# The Fields that Sing



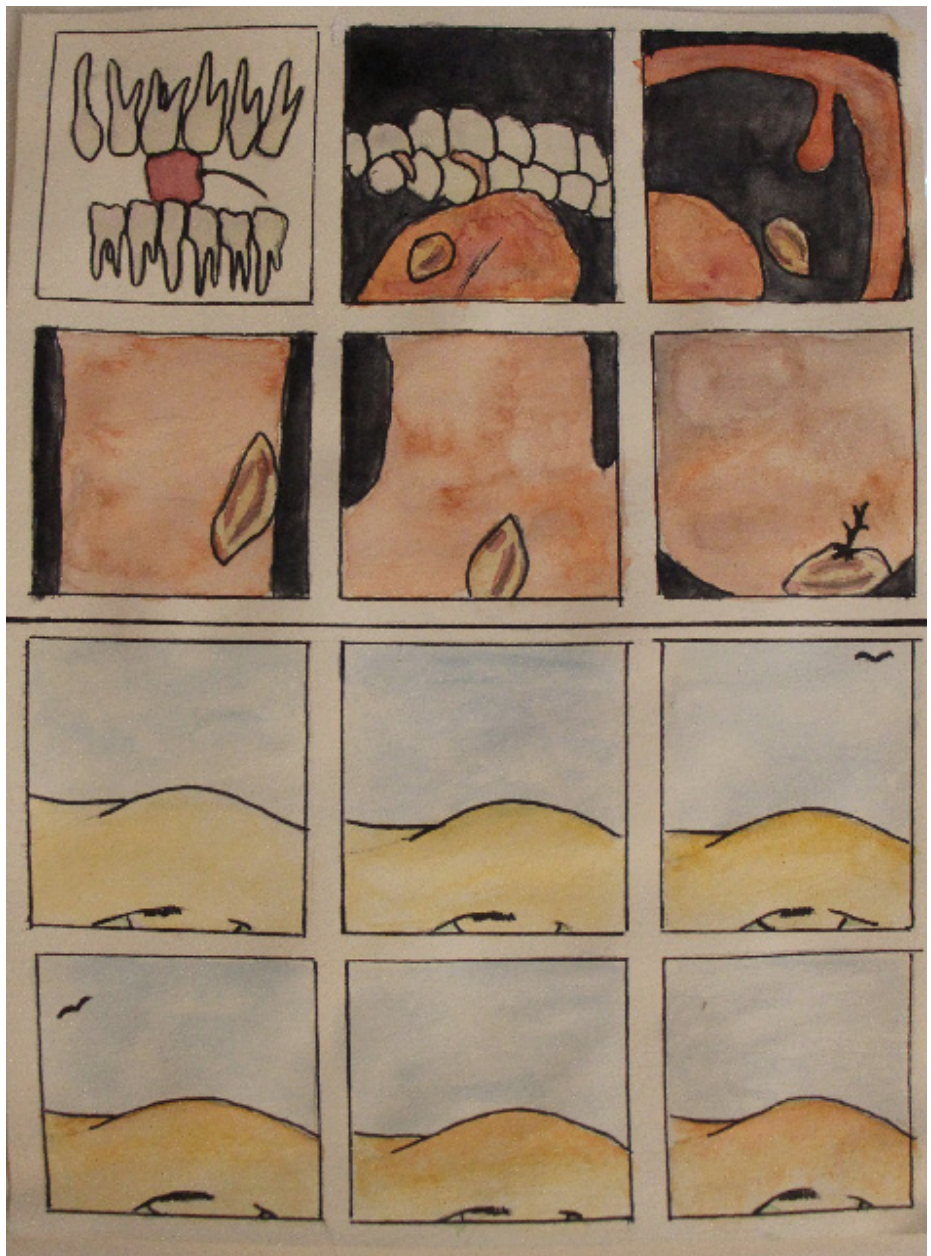
“There is an old Sanskrit word, lila, which means play. Lila may be the simplest thing there is - spontaneous, childish, disarming. But as we grow and experience the complexities of life, it may also be the most difficult and hard-won achievement imaginable, and its coming to fruition is a kind of homecoming of our true selves.”

- Stephen Nachmanovitch





summer seeps through (I&II)



## Extract of ‘Captain Morgan, The Fox, The Shark, The Penguin’

Katarina carries a wooden pallet she found propped up against the Jean Coutu, where she bought her nasal spray.

She hopes to turn the pallet into a shelf container for the plants she stole the other day from Snowden Park, at least when she finds the time. She leaves it in the small alley next to her apartment building, leaned against the wall, hoping no one will come take it.

When she enters her apartment she can hear her ex boyfriend playing Mario Kart in the living room. She passes by without saying anything and heads straight into her room. She sinks into the armchair and doesn't do anything for a while. Finally, she gets up, leaves her room and heads into the bathroom. Video game music seeps through the walls. She looks in the mirror and hopes her makeup wasn't as faded out earlier in the day. Then, realizes that she forgot the nasal spray back in her room.

She reluctantly opens the door, rushes into her room, retrieves the spray, rushes back and closes the door again. It's the first year that she's getting seasonal allergies and she's only doing something about it now; her nose has been blocked for weeks. She holds up and inspects the ten dollar can, reads the ingredients: pure sea water from the shores of France.

She puts the nozzle into her nostril the way the clerk told her and presses down. Salty water shoots into her sinuses, and immediately, she experiences the sensation of having just dived headfirst into the ocean.

The next morning, as she's leaving for work, Katarina checks the side of her apartment building and finds that the pallet was taken away.

# the song of the sun.

[to be read six times out loud with increasing fervency and speed]

when there's the most sun  
the most sang song is sang  
and the song that's most sang is  
the song of the sun

and the song of the sun  
is a song that is sang  
from your head to your tum  
from your toes to your bum

and the love that is spread  
from the song of the sun  
as it leaves a kind heart  
reaches everyone

and so they will in turn  
sing their own sun-filled song  
and remind everybody  
we're bodies of sun

